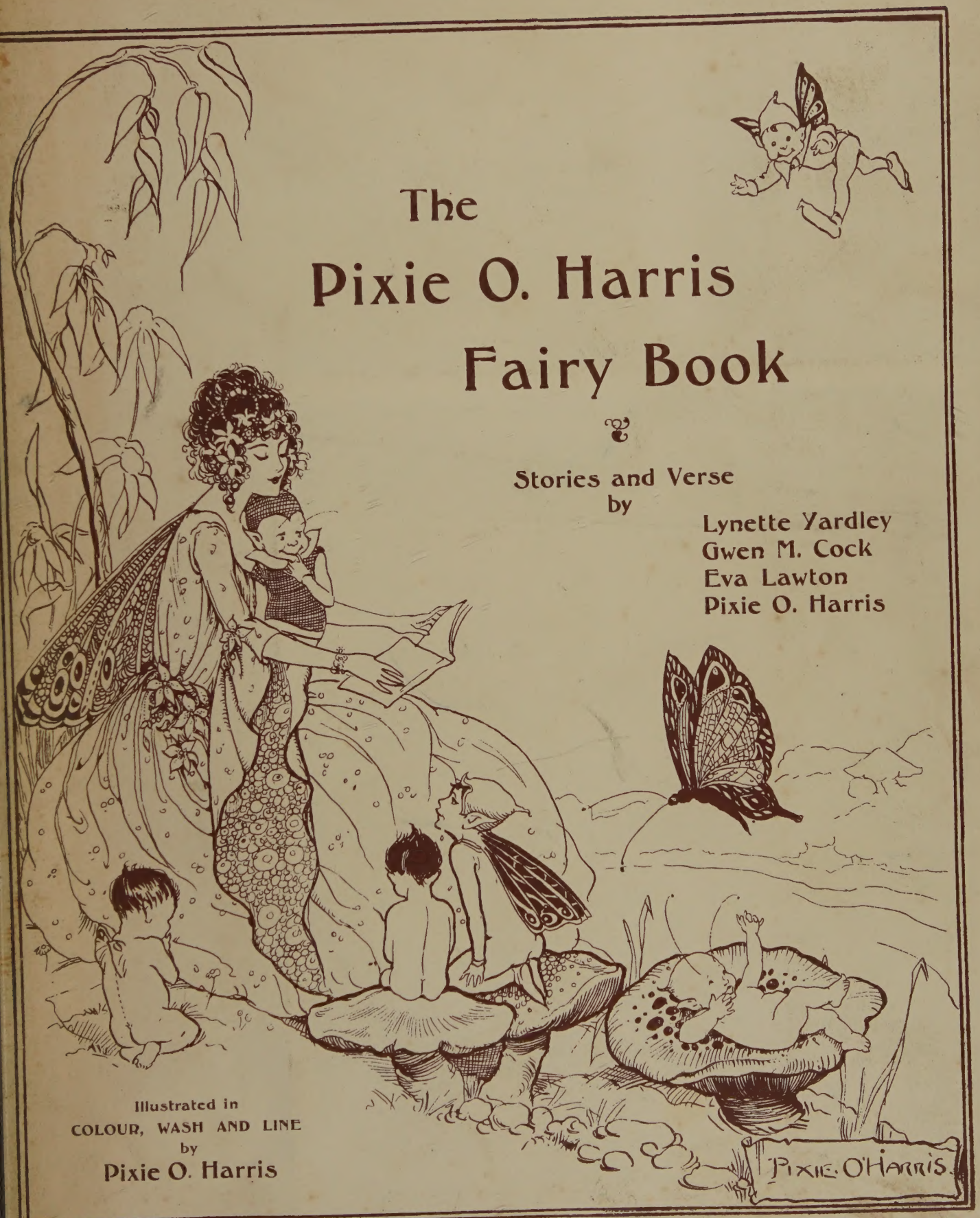

The Pixie O. Harris Fairy Book

Stories and Verse
by
Lynette Yardley
Gwen M. Cock
Eva Lawton
Pixie O. Harris

Illustrated in
COLOUR, WASH AND LINE
by
Pixie O. Harris

PIXIE O'HARRIS

DEDICATION: To my Sister, Pat.
Dear little Pat: with eyes of blue, I dedicate this book to you
We've often wandered hand in hand Through the green door to Fairy-land:
Though Fairies now-a-days are few, This is one Fairy Tale come true.
P. O. H
Fairy's Book
PIXIE O. HARRIS.

"The Spider's Reward"

The

"Pixie O. Harris Fairy Book"

Stories and Verse

By

LYNETTE YARDLEY
EVA LAWTON
GWEN M. COCK
PIXIE O. HARRIS

Illustrations

in

Color, Half-Tone and Line

By

Pixie O. Harris

PRICE: FIVE SHILLINGS

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Imperial Place
Adelaide

Contents

Dedication	1
Frontispiece	2
Title Page	3
Contents	4
The Spell	5
How the Starfish came to be	6-9
A Spider's Reward	10-11
The Snow Princess	12-15
The Shell	16-17
The Islands of Imps and the Twelve Little Fairies	18-22
Helping Santa Claus	23
Periwinkle	24-25
Fairies Washing Day	26-27
The Goblin and the Fairy	28-29
The Kookaburra and Little Lady Wattle	30
Fairy Dressmaker	31
The Water Sprite	32-33
Nolia and the Great Tree	34-41
Laughter	42-43
Flossytop and Gumblossom	44-49
Fairy Garden	50-51
Land of Lollies	52-58
Bevin and the Wrens	59-62
Children's Love	63

RIGBY PUBLISHERS LIMITED • ADELAIDE
SYDNEY • MELBOURNE • BRISBANE • PERTH • NEW YORK • LONDON • AUCKLAND
First published 1925 • Reprinted facsimile edition 1981
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ISBN 0 7270 1601 6
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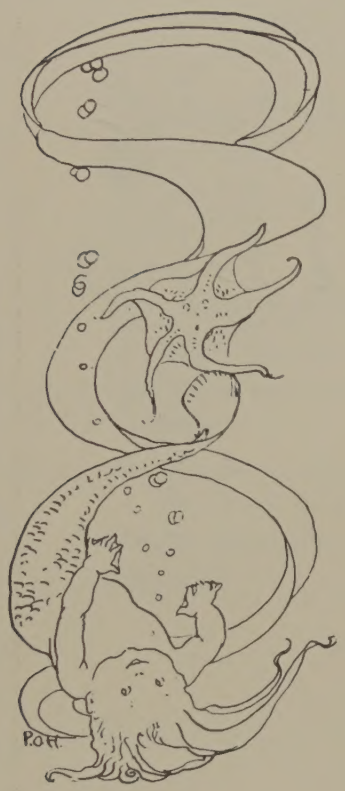
Printed by Stock Journal Publishers Pty Ltd, Adelaide, South Australia

If you want to see a fairy this is what you do :—
In the bush at evening when the moon is new
Standing 'neath a ti-tree learn this spell from me.
Count upon your fingers small—only up to three.
Pick a spray of wattle wet with drops of dew,
Wave it high above your head crying as you do :—
" Wacca-macca-do-croh !"—that's the magic word ;
And from out the shadows, sweetest that you've heard
Come the fairy echoes floating back to you.
Standing on your finger tip there's a fairy too,
Dainty little lady clad in thistle down,
Hair like golden wattle, eyes baronia brown.
Mind you treat her kindly, smile away her fears,
Hold her very gently, kiss away her tears ;
If you want to see a fairy you must list to me,
And remember when you're counting, *only up to three.*

—Pixie O. Harris

How the Starfish came to be



When you play around the rock pools near the sea, do you ever wonder how the beautiful little Starfish came to be there? Listen to me and I will tell you.

Before the big Comet came to visit them all the Stars in the Sky above us were very happy. Now a Comet is a Sky Dragon and generally brings trouble. This one had not long been banished from another kingdom in a very distant corner of the heavens. When he first came amongst them they had admired him very much, for he was really magnificent—quite the most luminous that had ever sailed in that part of the Skies—and so flattered was he at all the attention they gave him he wanted to become the ruler of their Kingdom. But they would not agree to that, for Queen of the Night, who was the most beautiful Star of them all, was too well loved.

He became very angry at their refusal, and lashed his great fiery tail around the Skies, upsetting several of the smaller Stars, and making things very uncomfortable for the rest of them.

When he quietened down again he seemed to repent for all the trouble he had made, and as time went on they began to think that he had quite given up the idea of ruling them.

Now the Star Babies, like the Babies of the earth, loved anything bright, and they would laugh with glee and clap their tiny hands whenever he passed by. And when he began to take notice of them their Mothers were both proud and delighted.

Night by night he grew more friendly, and would sometimes pause to tell the little ones, who would gather around him, wondrous tales of his travels through the Skies. Their Mothers grew to trust him, and of course the children loved him.

So when he said that he would like to take the Star Babies for a ride on his back some night, everyone thought he was the kindest Comet who had ever come amongst them.

The news spread across the Skies, and the Star Mothers from far and wide brought their young Stars to enjoy the treat.

"Every little Star was saved by their gentle hands, and changed into Starfish"

On the night of the great ride the Sky was full of Stars. The great Comet had never been more brilliant as he sailed majestically about to the admiration of all. A Choir of singing Stars sang songs of praise to the good Dragon of the Skies. The little ones could not keep still for one moment, they were so excited and eager for the wonderful journey to begin.

At last all was ready. Every little Star in the Kingdom was safely mounted upon the shining tail. They were not the least bit afraid, for they all loved the great Dragon who had so long been their friend. No one seemed to remember how terrible he had been but a few months before.

All the grown up Stars stood on tiptoe to see the start, but the Dragon did not move, only his blazing eyes rolled and glared at the bright throng watching him so intently.

Then in a tremendous voice that made every Star quiver, and the little ones to hold each other tightly, he bellowed these words :—

"Hark! hark! all ye Stars both great and small,
Listen and decide once and for all—
Take me for King, or your Children fly
To their destruction from out the sky."

A great cry rose from the multitude of Stars :—

"Never! never shalt thou be King!
Come Children, come from that monstrous thing."

The little Stars, crying with fright, tried hard to climb off the Dragon's back, but they were held fast by the horny scales of his terrible skin.

Once again the Dragon's voice could be heard above all the other noise :—

"Now then ye Stars what is it to be?
Ye see they cannot escape from me.
Make me your King and all well will be,
Or they shall drown in the earthly Sea!"

Above the crying of the Mothers and little ones, the loud voices of the Men Stars shouted :—

"To arms! to arms! we all must fight
To down this monster in his might!"

How the Starfish came to be

All the sky seemed to blaze with the rush of the angry Stars. The big cruel Comet dodged and dropped lower and lower nearer to the Earth. Then before the eyes of the anxious Stars he flung his great tail right and left, scattering the little ones into the great deep oceans of the World.

Twice around the World he went until not one little Star remained upon his Tail. Then with a great snort he turned and sailed away out of sight.

The Moon just rose in time to see the dreadful thing happen, and quickly she sent little Moonbeam Sprites to all the shores of the World asking the Sea Fairies to help the drowning Stars.

And so from their wonderful Caves and Sea Gardens, the Sea Fairies came, their beautiful hair floating out behind them, their long silver tails flashing in the moonlight. Every little Star was saved by their gentle hands, and changed into Starfish so that they might live beneath the Sea.

And so to-day we can see them clinging to the rocks or lying in the bottom of the clear pools there. And sometimes, on a still night, we may see the faces of Stars reflected on the water, that is when the Star Mothers are talking to their little lost Children and comforting them.

So now you know that every little Starfish was once a Baby Star twinkling away above us, and they might still have been there if that wicked old Dragon had never passed that way.

—GWEN. M. COCK

A Spider's Reward

A Fairy was painting some rosebuds pink,
Very early one summer morn,
When quickly her blue eyes filled with tears,
For she'd torn her frock on a thorn.

Now, this was the frock that she loved the best,
And you cannot imagine her grief,
As she looked at the tear, and wiped her eyes
On her rose petal handkerchief.

A spider was weaving his web nearby,
And the Fairy then heard him say:—
"I am sorry you've ruined your pretty frock—
I'll mend it if I may."

Now, the Fairy knew that spiders aren't nice,
But instead of running away,
She allowed him to weave the ragged tear,
As she heard him softly say:—

"Oh I wish I could change my ugly life,
Tho' a spider has much to do—
I want to be pretty and do nice things—
I want to be good like you!"

So the Fairy then waved her golden wand
With a smile and a grateful sigh—
And the spider was changed by the Fairy's wish
To a beautiful butterfly.

And no matter how naughty you may have been,
Just remember when you read,
That the fairies know when you're good and kind,
And will reward each gentle deed.

—Lynette Yardley

The Snow Princess

"Mother," said Betty, as she helped gather some flowers in the garden, "Why do the little Snowdrops always hold their pretty Heads down?"

"I really do not know dear," her Mother answered, and Betty looked quite disappointed.

Now, I am Betty's Godmother, and because I have told her such a host of Fairy Stories, she calls me her Fairy Godmother. And she toddled over to me and said: "Do you know, Fairy Godmother?" So I took the little lady on my knee and told her all about it.

Once upon a time, thousands of years ago, when the Flowers were first made, the Fairies were the busiest people on earth. There was a whole Kingdom of them, all making Flowers, and they were taught which ones to make and how to cut them, by a most beautiful Queen. This Queen of the Flowers had three lovely Children, and they also had their Flowers to make and colour.

One, the eldest, was Princess of the Roses, and to this day her Flowers are the favourites of nearly everybody.

The second eldest was the Princess of the Pansies, and oh! what pretty little faces she has painted on her Flowers; and when we see a lot of them growing in Gardens, they look like a whole army of impish little babies.

Now we come to the youngest Fairy Princess, and here the real story begins. She was the tiniest and whitest and sweetest Fairy that ever lived. So very, very white was she, that, in the Kingdom of Flowers, they called her the "Snow Princess," and all the Fairies loved her dearly, because she was so pure and so unselfish. One day, her Mother the Queen, said to her:—

"Well, my little Snow-Child, the time has come for you to fashion some Flowers to give to the World. What would you like to make, and what colour will you choose?"

"Are there many White Flowers out in the World."

"The Snow Princess"

"Are there many White Flowers out in the World, Mother?" asked the little Fairy Princess.

"No! there are none," answered her Mother.

So the little Snow Princess was given a pair of tiny wee scissors, some brushes and paints and perfumes, and she set out all alone to the wonderful Fernery where all the Petals were kept. Here she searched for White Petals, but the only ones she could find looked soiled beside the beautiful whiteness of her own little self.

"Ha ha!" laughed a cheeky Goblin from somewhere, "the World is too ugly for White Flowers." And the little kind-hearted Fairy felt so sad.

"I know!" she suddenly thought to herself, "my Wings are the whitest things in the Kingdom of the Flowers. I shall make Flowers out of them, and send to the poor people in the World."

But alas! no sooner had she cut her tiny White Wings, than her dear little heart stopped beating, for without their Wings, Fairies must surely die.

They found her lying like a soft little drift of snow among the ferns where the Petals were kept. She was buried at twilight, and the Queen of the Flowers was brokenhearted. Ten little good Goblins carried her tiny coffin and placed it in the Queen's own garden. And all through the night the Goblins and a lot of the Fairies sat near her little grave, grieving at the loss of their dear little Snow Princess. But, when the daylight came—wonder of wonders!—there growing on her tiny grave were the whitest flowers they had ever beheld. And what do you think they were?

Yes, Betty, the Fairies called them Snowdrops, and they came out to grow in the world in people's gardens, but their heads are always drooping, because their little Princess died for them.

The Snow Princess

The Roses and the Pansies hold their happy little heads up to see their Princess when the night is still; but the poor Snowdrops have no Princess, and every morning their pretty eyes are filled with tears.

"We will always love them best, won't we, Fairy Godmother?" said Betty, as she jumped off my knee and went to where the Snowdrops grew and kissed their little orphan heads.

—Lynette Yardley

The Shell

I found a little silver shell,
When I was by the sea.
I never gathered it, because
How lonely she would be,
The fairy maid in silver dressed,
Who lives beside the bay,
If I should steal her fairy home,
When she was far away.

—Eva Lawton
From "Songs of Fairyland"

"The Shell"

The Island of Imps and the Twelve Little Fairies

They were wicked, mischievous, naughty, bad little Imps, from the tip of their peaked brown caps down to the end of their pointed red shoes.

All the naughty things little boys and girls ever did, were taught them by those roguish, scheming old men; for Imps are old, in spite of only being just twelve inches high. They came to Earth in a Thunderstorm right when the World began, and they've spent their lives in lurking round corners whispering and planning mischief for little folk to get into.

The pity of it is that they wear sweet little tinkling bells on their caps and elbows, and pretty bright red lights on their foreheads, and they go about pretending to children to be delightfully nice; but, alas! it isn't until the children are punished for being mischievous that they find out the Imps that whisper things to them are not good, but horribly bad and wicked.

Well, there were so many children round about who get into trouble for doing naughty things, that the Fairies became indignant and decided that something would have to be done. For, not only did those impertinent little Imps coax the children to be naughty, but they even tempted the Fairies themselves to do mischief, and when the Fairies just wouldn't, the Imps pretended to love them, and begged the Fairies to marry them.

Now it happened there were twelve beautiful little Fairies living in one of the pretty nooks in the Botanical Gardens, and there were twelve of the worst kind of Imps who spent their evenings in a Monkey's cage at the Zoo, nearby.

So these Fairies in the Botanical Gardens thought out a wonderful plan to get rid of the Zoo Imps, at any rate.

The twelve Fairies were sisters. They had no mother, and lived in a big shady Oak Tree near a pretty white fountain. They didn't even remember their mother, who was really a Fairy Queen, for, when they were tiny baby Fairies, no bigger than rose petals, the South Wind was passing one day as they played in the

Palace Gardens in Fairyland, and it caught the tiny fairy babies up in its strong arms and blew them away and away with its breath, until it lowered them tenderly to Earth, near a big Oak Tree in our beautiful Botanical Gardens.

The dear little things fretted for a whole week for their mother, and the South Wind felt so sorry for having taken them from their beautiful home and the Fairy Queen, that, whenever it blew through the trees where the little Fairies dwelt, it brought messages from their Mother and Fairyland to them. But they couldn't send messages back to her, because the South Wind could only blow one way. So they decided they'd just be good sweet Fairies, so that some day they'd be rewarded with a visit back to Fairyland and their mother, the Queen.

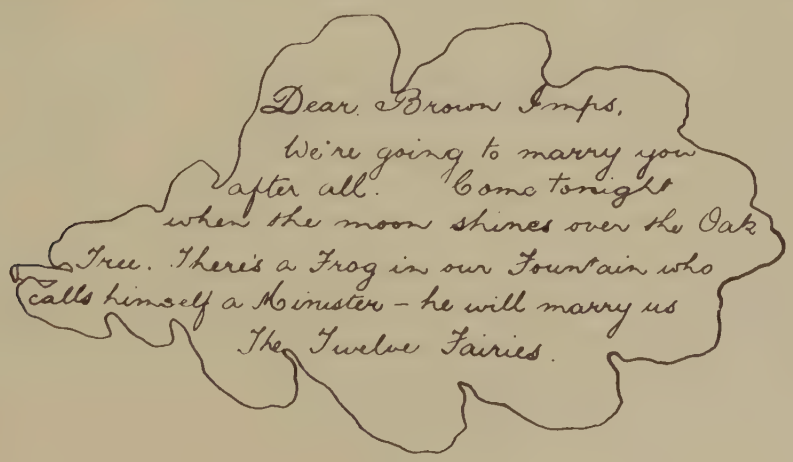
Thus it was that the Imps, knowing the Fairies were orphans, tried their level best to make them wicked, but, though they tinkled their bells ever so sweetly and danced in their little red shoes ever so cunningly, the Fairies would not marry them.

Then the twelve little Fairies thought of a wonderful plan to save the little children from the mercies of those bad wicked little Imps.

First of all they sent a message to their friend, the South Wind, for, although we do not know where the Wind blows to, these little Fairies had its address. This is the message they sent it:—

"We want you to come at twelve o'clock to-night,
We want you to blow, blow, blow, with all your might,
For we've twelve naughty men just as wicked as can be,
And we want you to drop them in the middle of the Sea."

The next thing they did was to get a big green leaf from the Oak Tree. Then they called on their next door neighbors—a family of White Doves—and asked for a feather to write with. They didn't know what to do about the ink, because they couldn't very well go shopping into town when they had no money. But Fairies know things that we don't know, and they mixed some pretty pink ink from some flowers about the Gardens. Then they wrote their letter on the leaf, and this is a copy of it in a fairy's own handwriting, and don't you think she wrote it nicely?


Dear Brown Imps,
We're going to marry you
after all. Come tonight
when the moon shines over the Oak
Tree. There's a Frog in our Fountain who
calls himself a Minister - he will marry us
The Twelve Fairies.

"But poor Johnny-Laughing-Jackass didn't feel so merry"

The Island of Imps and the Twelve Little Fairies

Then they invited their friend, Johnnie-Laughing Jackass, in to Afternoon Tea, and told him their plan, at which he sat up on a bough of the Oak Tree and laughed and laughed till his sides ached.

"But we want you to do more than laugh, Johnnie," said one of the Fairies, "we want you to take our letter over to the Zoo and give it to the Imps in the Monkey's cage, to-night."

"Ha ha, Ha ha," laughed Johnnie-Laughing-Jackass, "I'd be delighted to do so small a service for such charming little neighbours. Ha ha, Ha ha."

And so, that night, just when the little stars peeped their bright shining faces out of heaven, Johnnie-Laughing-Jackass dropped the Fairies' letter into the Monkey's cage, and, being a rather inquisitive young gentleman, he perched on a gum tree nearby to watch the twelve brown Imps as they read it.

"Hooray! Hoorah! Hoorooh!," they cried, and showed their letter to one of the monkeys, who was sitting on a branch eating peanuts as though he'd never had a feed since he was born. "We knew they'd have us in the end. We're fine fellows, us are, and even the Fairies must admit it."

"Ha ha, Ha ha, Ha ha, Ha ha," came from Johnnie-Laughing-Jackass, and the Imps shook their fists at him, so he flew off, laughing at the top of his voice. For he knew a thing or two, did Johnnie.

When he got back to the Oak Tree, near the Fountain, he told the Fairies he'd been a good postman, and asked if he might sit in the tree until midnight and see the fun, and the Fairies, feeling most grateful for his service, gave him permission.

Then the little Fairies sat round about the Fountain to wait and listen. They really were a tiny bit frightened, just in case the South Wind wouldn't blow after all.

"Shh, Shh," whispered one of the Fairies, "methinks I hear the Imps coming."

And sure enough, away in the distance, they could hear the faintest tinkle of bells. Then, just as the Town Hall clock began to strike, they saw twelve little red lights twinkling in the darkness coming down a winding path above them.

"Oh, South Wind, hurry up! Oh, please, do hurry up, or those wicked little men will get us and we'll all die of fright!" cried the Fairies.

And, just then, a little soft puff of wind came, then a bigger puff, then a great big puff; but on came the mischievous brown Imps, nearer and nearer came the tinkle of bells, and the Fairies clung frightened together, for the Imps had reached the Fountain steps. Just then a terrible gust came—it was the good South Wind—and he hoisted the twelve wicked Imps into his strong arms, and the Fairies saw twelve tiny little red specks fading away into the sky; and Johnny-Laughing-Jackass laughed and laughed, and the Fairies had to shake the tree to make him fly away.

But he hadn't been gone more than a minute, when he flew back and said that the South Wind had left a message for the Fairies. It was to say that their good deed in getting rid of the Imps would be rewarded, and that when they woke in the morning they would be home in Fairyland, in their very own mother's garden. And the dear little Fairies, who never even could remember what their mother and Fairyland looked like, joined hands and danced round the old Oak Tree for very happiness. But poor Johnny-Laughing-Jackass didn't feel so merry, and big tears dropped from his eyes, for he knew he'd never see his little Fairy friends ever any more, and he felt he'd never laugh again.

"Don't be sad, Johnny," said little Fairy Silver Wings, "when I get to Fairyland I'll ask the Queen to change you into a beautiful Prince and bring you to Fairyland, too, and I will marry you."

But what of the Imps? The old South Wind got tired of carrying them about in its arms, so it blew away across the sea, and when it got to the first lonely island—an island of big rocks and seaweed—the mischievous little Imps were let fall. The fall didn't kill them though, for Imps will never die so long as little girls and boys live, but, anyhow, they can't get any little folk into trouble now. They sit on the lonely rocks, week after week, with nothing to see but the big wide ocean, their elbows on their knees and their tiny pointed chins resting in their hands. All they do is to hope and hope that on some dark night a ship will crash into the rocks, when they will be able to get into more mischief.

—Lynette Yardley

Helping Santa Claus

There was a Ball in Fairyland,
A wondrous Ball, both great and grand;
Fiddlers came from far and near
To play for all and bring good cheer;
And Elves, who lived quite far away,
Packed up their things and came to stay.
The dear old Gnomes—(they did quite rightly)
Cut off their beards to look more spritely,
And Fairies sat up half the night
To trim their gowns with dew-drops bright.

At last the longed-for evening came.
Said Queen Mab, calling each by name:
"How happy we, in mossy dell,
My Native Rose and Christmas Bell;
How joyous we in Fairy Bower,
My Wattle Bloom and Flannel Flower,
If only we could ease the care
And pain of mortal children fair."

"I have a plan to put to you,
My Fairy subjects, good and true:
If you will leave this hall to-night,
The music, fun and jewels bright,
And help old Santa take his things
To little ones who have no wings,
For Santa Claus is getting old
And cannot carry much, I'm told."

She paused, and everyone was still
Until the fairies cried: "We will."
"We'll whisper lovely little dreams
Of mossy dells and silver streams,
Of blossoms bright and birds that sing,
And how we dance in Fairy ring;
We'll whisper dreams into each ear,
Because we love the children dear;
We'll help old Santa take his toys
To all good little girls and boys."

Now children—Janes and Johns and Marys—
Aren't you glad that there *are* fairies.

—PIXIE O. HARRIS

Periwinkle

When the Angels put the stars out,
  And the Sun climbs up the sky;
When the little baby fairies wake
  From the fern-beds where they lie;
A Brownie boy comes dancing
  O'er the summit of the dell,
And they say, " Here's Periwinkle,
  Ringing the School-time Bell!"

Then he perches on a Mushroom,
That is growing on the ground,
And the little baby Fairies come,
And sit so nicely round.
They love their Periwinkle,
And the stories that he brings,
There never was a Brownie boy,
Who knew such magic things!

He tells them 'bout the great big world,
'Bout engines, boats and toys;
But they love him talking most of all
Of little girls and boys;
How the fairies keep them good
Each day in every year,
And how they hang their stockings up
When Santa Claus draws near.

Then when Periwinkle's finished
His instruction for the day,
He jumps down off his mushroom stool,
But before he goes away,
He bids them be good fairies,
For (although they're little things),
The Fairy Queen will need them soon
To try their tiny wings,

And fly about the great big world
With their little wands of gold,
To do for little girls and boys
A thousand things untold!
Then just as he is going,
He bids them all goodbye,
And takes a hop, skip and jump,
Into the big blue sky.

—Lynette Yardley

Fairies' Washing Day

The fairies had a washing day,
  Across the summer sky,
On lines of golden sunbeams,
  They hung their sheets to dry.

When it had all been finished,
  Their soapsuds white they hurled
Over the fence of sunlight,
  Into the waking world.

Upon the waves of the ocean
  The soapsuds found a home;
But the children when they saw them there,
  All called the soapsuds "foam."

—Eva Lawton
from "Songs of Fairyland"

"Over the fence of sunlight
Into the waking world."

"The Fairies' Washing Day."

"Put her in a lotus; rowed her far away"
"The Goblin and the Fairy"

The Goblin and the Fairy

Cheeky little Goblin, on a mushroom stool,
Pretty Fairy playing 'side a shady pool;
Little Goblin loved her—wished he were *so* good!
Little Fairy told him, if he tried he could!
Anxious Goblin made her a little Daisy Crown,
Gathered all the honey from the flowers around;
Put her in a Lotus; rowed her far away—
Vowed he'd be her Fairy Prince for ever and a day!

—Lynette Yardley

The Kookaburra

Hark! the kookaburra's laughing,
What's the joke I wonder now?
Does he think the rain is coming?
Fancy making such a row!
Maybe native bears are fighting
And he's laughing at the fun.
Perhaps he's glad the night is over
And is happy in the sun.

—Pixie O. Harris

Little Lady Wattle

Little Lady Wattle in a yellow gown
With the dewdrops clinging to her golden crown
Butterflies to woo her all the sunny day
Kissing her so lightly ere they flit away.

—Pixie O. Harris

Fairy Dressmaker

She hung her head in the twilight,
  She had been a daisy rare,
But her frock was torn and ragged;
  So she drooped in the garden fair.

But near the trembling daisy
  There came a fairy gay,
Who brought her threads and needles,
  And fairy threads were they.

She stitched on the silent daisy
  Some petals soft and white—
Stitched in the gathering moonlight,
  Stitched till the morning light.

The children knew that a fairy
  In the garden fair had been;
For there, on the smiling daisy,
  A snowy frock was seen.

—EVA LAWTON
From "Songs of Fairyland"

The Water Sprite

Down by the little winding creek
When I come out of school,
I hurry to a shady tree
That overhangs a pool,
And there I sing a little song
To bring the water sprite.—
Her hair is smooth and golden
And her eyes are blue and bright.

'Most every day she talks to me
About my work and play,
And tells me, oh, such lovely things,
Of what she does all day.
I've even seen the little fish
Eat from her tiny hand,
But she cannot sit beside me,
For she could not live on land.

She's only just a little girl,
About the size of me,
And yet she says she's very old,
As old as old can be.
But when she hears my little friends
Come running down the hill,
She vanishes,—then quietly
The little pool grows still.

—Pixie O. Harris

"She's only just a little girl,"
About the size of me."

"The Water Sprite."

Nolia and the Great Tree

It was nearing the end of a beautiful day in Spring. The Daylight Fairies had been working hard amongst the Flowers since dawn.

Little Fairy Nolia was very tired. All day long she had been carefully tending some delicate Pansy Buds. She was happy now, for she knew that the next day, when the Sun would come peeping over the Tree Tops, the little Buds would open one by one, and turn their smiling Faces to the Sky.

There would be no Flowers at all but for the Daylight Fairies, and for them Spring was the busiest time of all the year. Yet, sometimes, no matter how hard they worked, Flowers would not bloom, or those that did faded, or fell long before they should.

This puzzled the Fairies and made them sad, but they never suspected that the little Wind Imps might have something to do with it.

The dark old Tree, who seemed to frown upon all things gay and beautiful, could have told them something had he bothered. He had no time for the Imps at all. They annoyed him in a hundred ways. Even at night they would play their pranks. He would sometimes waken to find all of his leaves rustling, and that, you know, is the voice of the Tree. It was bad enough to be awakened, but to find that he had been talking in his sleep made him very angry indeed.

He was a gloomy old fellow, who had been so busy all his life being a very great Tree, that he had quite forgotten the tightly folded Buds hidden amongst his leaves. No Flowers grew near him, and even the Fairies did not like him. It was not that he did any harm, but his solemn and stern appearance made everyone a little afraid of him. He was known far and wide as the Great Tree, and was very proud of the name.

The Fairies never thought of asking him about anything. Had they done so he could have told them that quite a lot of their trouble was due to the sly little Imps. Many a time the Great Tree had seen them tear and stain the Flower Petals, and even destroy whole Plants, as soon as the Fairies turned their backs. It would have surprised them had they known, for although the Wind Imps teased rather much at times, the Fairies were really fond of the gay, frolicsome little fellows.

As Nolia gently tucked the Pansy Buds up in their leaves for the night, she was startled to hear a wicked, teasing chuckle behind her.

Usually the Wind Imps were nowhere about at that time, so Nolia was very surprised to see one of them making faces at her from the top of a Rose Bush. He was the ugliest Imp she had ever seen, and he was green from head to foot. Even his wicked little Face was green, and his small spiteful eyes were cruel and sharp.

"You think you're clever, don't you?" he sneered. "Why, I could spoil all of your work in a very few minutes if I wanted to!"

"Oh, but you wouldn't hurt these dear little Buds!" said Nolia gently.

"Wouldn't I? Watch me!" he cried boastfully, and hopping down from the bush he picked up a tiny, thorny stick, and started to beat the Flowers all around him. The poor things bent upon their stems quivering with pain and fright.

"Oh, you naughty, wicked Imp!" cried Nolia indignantly.

The Imp only laughed, and skipped towards the Pansies, beating the Flowers down as he came.

"Oh, please don't touch my darling Buds?" she pleaded.

"Out of my way, you silly Fairy!" he cried, waving his thorny stick.

And then a dreadful thing happened. He had not meant to hurt Nolia. He would not dare, but she had thrown herself down upon the sleeping Buds to protect them, and he had struck her, breaking one of her beautiful Gauzy Wings. She shrieked with pain, and then lay still. The Wind Imp stole away.

For some time she lay there, feeling sick and faint, and then suddenly she realised that her Wing was not paining a bit, and that was a strange thing.

"Perhaps he did not break it after all," she thought hopefully, and knelt up to see.

But alas! it just hung to her little bruised shoulder by a few threads. So badly was it broken that all feeling in it was numb. Away in the distance she caught a glimpse of the sleepy Flowers bowing good-night to the bright band of Fairies who sped swiftly by, but no one heard her call.

She was alone. All around the Flowers softly folded their Petals and went to sleep. All, except those nearest, their Petals were torn and scattered, and their hearts were dying.

Nolia shuddered as the night seemed to close around her, for there is nothing so dreadful to a Daylight Fairy as the darkness. It grew darker and darker. Huge shadowy shapes seemed to press around her. About the ground were sounds as of queer creatures crawling. She lay as still as possible too full of dread to move.

From out of the darkness a great Spider came lumbering with her load of Eggs. Her bright Eyes spied little Nolia lying like a broken blossom amongst the Pansy Leaves. She paused astonished.

"My dear, whatever are you doing there?"

Nolia gave a little cry of joy and relief.

"Oh, Mrs. Spider! I am so frightened. My Wing is broken and I have been left behind. Please take me to your web to-night."

The Spider hesitated.

"I would like to help you," she said kindly, "but my web is already overloaded, and I expect to be very busy to-night."

Nolia's heart sank at these words.

"Oh, won't you do something for me?" she implored.

The Spider frowned and answered rather crossly, for she had a great many worries of her own. "Of course I will, but you must wait. I will go for help."

When she returned there were two more Spiders with her. They examined the injured Wing.

The old Spider shook her head wisely and said, "I am afraid little Nolia that that Wing will be of no more use to you."

"Oh!" cried the Fairy, greatly distressed, "Whatever shall I do?"

"All day long she had been carefully tending some delicate Pansy Buds"

The three Spiders tried to comfort her.

"We can nip it off for you, and in a year's time you will have a new one," they promised.

To live a whole year without her Wing! How terrible it seemed! But she saw that the Spiders were growing impatient, so she consented, realising that they would do the best they could for her.

She felt no pain as they took the Wing off with quickness and skill.

"Now then, we had better get along," said the old Spider, taking up her load of Eggs, and briskly leading the way.

Nolia could not walk alone. She felt so queer and lopsided with only one Wing, but with a Spider helping her on either side she just managed to keep up with their leader.

"Now, here we are!" said the old Spider cheerfully.

Nolia looked up. "Is this where you live?" she asked timidly.

They were at the foot of the Great Tree. Nolia had never thought that she would ever be glad of his shelter, but now she knew that she would rather spend the night amongst his branches than upon the ground that rustled with crawling unseen terrors.

"Yes. Now up you go!"

Nolia found a ladder had been hung for her. It was made of the fine strong Silk that Spiders spin, and upon it hung many Glow-worm Lanterns.

"How good you are!" she said gratefully, as escorted by the Spiders, she commenced to climb. Up, up they went, until Nolia trembled at the thought of falling. The Spiders helped her into a little cranny between two big branches, and made her as comfortable as possible.

"Now, we must leave you," they said, and bustled away before she had finished thanking them.

There were hundreds of Spiders rushing to and fro, and up and down. They were much too busy to pay her any attention, but it cheered her to have them hurrying about.

The Glow-worm Lamps went out one by one. Then suddenly, every Spider disappeared Nolia held her breath and listened. A terrible feeling of loneliness came over her. It seemed so very dark. Not even the gleam of a Star could find its way through the dense leaves that rustled around her in a mysterious way. There was a queer scratching sound on a branch nearby. She felt that some monster was about to spring upon her from the surrounding gloom. It was too much for the poor little Fairy, she could be brave no longer, and with one loud cry she burst into tears.

In the midst of her sobbing she heard a voice whispering through the leaves.

"Hush! hush!" it said. "Tell me who it is that cries, and why?"

Nolia stopped weeping to listen.

The voice spoke again. "Do not be afraid. I am the Tree speaking to you."

She did not know what to do. She had awakened the Great Tree from his sleep.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she murmured. "I did not mean to awaken you."

Her voice was very tiny and trembly, but the Tree heard.

"Well now that I am awake," he said, "you had better tell me what the trouble is."

She hesitated.

"Come now!" he said.

"I am one of the Daylight Fairies," she answered. "My Wing is broken, but my companions did not know and went home without me. I was afraid on the ground, and kind Spiders brought me here, but they have all gone and I am just as frightened again. The darkness seems full of evil, creepy things. I want to hide, but I do not know where to go or what to do. I did not mean to trouble you."

"Well, little Fairy!" he said kindly. "You need not be afraid. In a few short hours the night will fly before the spears of day, and your friends will come to take care of you."

"But my Wing!" she said sadly. "I have only one now. It will take a whole year for a new one to grow, and I will only be useless in Fairyland without it. And I can't help being afraid. You don't know what it is to be little and all alone."

She started to cry again softly.

"There now, there now!" he said gruffly. Her crying made him feel uncomfortable.

"Little Fairy," he said after thinking awhile. "I have some big Buds. They have never been of any use to me, but perhaps if I opened one just a little you could creep into it and sleep, and be quite safe."

Nolia hardly knew how to thank him. To think that this great gloomy Tree that had been shunned by them all should really be so kind.

You can understand that Buds that have been tightly folded and neglected for hundreds of years would not be easy to open even the smallest bit, but the Great Tree managed it at last. With a thankful sigh the little Fairy, worn out and weary, crept within, and it was so soft and sweet and comfortable there that she fell instantly asleep.

The old tree watched awhile to see that all was well with his strange little guest and then he, too, went to sleep.

Everything was very still. The whole world seemed to slumber, but something strange was happening within the bud where Nolia slept. The warmth of her little Daylight body caused the petals to loosen one by one and very slowly they opened out into a most wonderful flower.

The next morning when the old Tree woke, he was astonished at finding the beautiful flower amongst his foliage. At first he did not realise that it was his own, but when he noticed the little Fairy still sleeping within, he remembered what had happened during the night. His heart filled with tenderness, and Nolia awoke.

She sat up and clasped her hands with delight at the sight of her beautiful bed.

"Good morning, little Fairy!" the kind whispering voice of the Old Tree said.

"Oh Tree!" she cried, "I must thank you for the beautiful bed you gave to me!"

"And I, dear Fairy," he said graciously, "must thank you for the wonderful flower you have made of it."

Down below, the Daylight Fairies were arriving, some were already flitting busily amongst the flowers. Nolia's eyes were wistful as she looked down upon them.

"They will take you away," the old Tree said sadly.

"They are my friends, and I love them all, but—" and she sighed and shook her head. "I am afraid I shall be a burden to them now that I cannot fly, and they—"

"Little Fairy!" interrupted the Great Tree, "Will you stay with me? Why, I am full of buds. Make your home amongst them until you grow well and strong. Nothing shall hurt you day or night when it is known that you are under my protection."

And so Nolia stayed, and the old Tree began to enjoy life as he never had before.

Very sweet was the game they played when evening closed them in. The Tree would open a bud just a tiny bit and Nolia would creep inside and rest there while her little warm body brought the flowers to life. Soon he was covered with the beautiful waxen blooms, and a very happy tree was he. And through Nolia he grew to learn that there was more beauty in the world than ever he had dreamed of in his lonely grandeur. And when her little Fairy comrades flocked to his branches and polished his dark green leaves, he wondered however he had lived so long without their bright companionship.

Nolia and the Great Tree

The year had nearly ended. The Great Tree rejoiced with Nolia as her beautiful new wing grew stronger, but the thought of her leaving him made him secretly sad.

"Dear Tree," she said to him one evening, "You grieve because I soon must go."

"Ah, do not talk of it little Nolia!" he begged.

"Would you really like me to stay?" she asked, her eyes sparkling.

"Would I? Indeed yes," he said eagerly.

"Then, dear Tree, I have some news for you! Our Queen has made me leader of the new band of Tree Fairies and my home is to be with you."

The old Tree trembled in every leaf, and from his flowers a strange, delicious scent stole out upon the World.

"My dear, I cannot thank your Queen enough," he said simply.

"'Tis her reward for your kindness to a wounded fairy, Great Tree," said she.

"Then I am richly rewarded," he whispered,

"Before you came, Nolia, I had height and strength and you have brought to me beauty and great joy." Then drawing himself up proudly he added, "Henceforth my name shall be Magnolia!" and the sweet breath of his flowers filled the night with perfume.

—Gwen. M. Cock

"Laughter"

"Or is it the sound of a sparkling wave
Caught in a mermaid's shell?"

Old Gnome! What is Laughter?
  Is it made of a butterfly's wing,
Or of the little trembling notes
  That happy birdies sing?

Or does a soft wind blow it
  Out of a Christmas Bell,
Or is it the sound of a sparkling wave
  Caught in a mermaid's shell?

It is all of these wee mortal,
  It is made of the light of day,
Of the silver gleam of a moonbeam
  Flung o'er a peaceful bay.

And the fair soft winds shall blow it
  Out of a sky of blue,
And the Laughter-Sprite will carry it
  Over the hills to you.

—Pixie O. Harris

Flossytop and Gumblossom

It wasn't because Flossytop and Gumblossom hadn't a Home that they were wandering about hand in hand on such a dark, stormy night; and it wasn't because they were naughty. Little Gum-nut Fairies are always good and nice—that's why all the Children love them so, and try to be kind like them.

Flossytop and Gumblossom were Twin Fairies, and they were always together. They sang, danced, played, worked and even slept together. Yes! In a little Gum-nut Bed. They had no Mother or Nurse, so, after saying their prayers together, they'd fold their pretty Wings round each other in their little brown Nut-Bed, and the leaves would rustle and croon a lullaby, so they didn't feel afraid or lonely.

But this night they just couldn't sleep. They closed their eyes so tightly and tried so hard, but it was all no use.

"Something must be wrong in the World," said Flossytop. "Yes," said Gumblossom, "and I know what it is. The Moon has forgotten to get up, and all the world is dark and it is raining; and the Leaves in our Tree seem to be crying so sadly. Let's listen to them, and try and find out what is wrong!"

It was hard to hear the Leaves Voices distincly because the Sea wasn't far away, and it was rough and the breakers moaned like an angry giant, but, by climbing up into the thick branches, they heard the Tree's message. It said:—

"There's a ship that is tossed,
It is sure to be lost;
For the Sailors have no light
To guide them through the night;
Oh! they'll drown very soon
If they cannot see the Moon."

"What shall we do?" said Flossytop. "We must try and save those poor Sailors. But being Gum-Tree Fairies we know it is useless to try and fly above the Treetops, and the Moon is ever so far away from there."

Just then, there was a terrible burst of thunder, and the big drops of rain were so heavy that Flossytop and Gumblossom knew they would have to leave their Tree and seek shelter. Nearby was a Hospital. The rain couldn't get in there, thought the Fairies, because it was made of Red Brick.

"I wonder if there is a Window open?" said Gumblossom, as they flew hurriedly towards the building. "Yes, I do believe I see a tiny Light through one of the Windows. Let's go there!"

The Window was open just a tiny bit, but quite enough for small Fairies to enter. The Light in the Room was quite dim, just Light enough though for Gumblossom and Flossytop to see a little White Cot, and a little pale sick Girl lying there fast asleep.

Now this little Girl had been in the Hospital for Months. There was something wrong with her poor little Legs and she couldn't walk, but she was so good and sweet that the Nurses in the Hospital all loved her very much. She always took her Medicine so willingly, and when the Doctor hurt her poor little legs, she'd always smile through the tears. Her name was Jean.

"This is Jean," said Flossytop "the little Girl the Flower Fairies are always doing things for." "They say she is more like an Angel," said Gumblossom. The word 'Angel' made them look quickly at each other, and they both thought the very same thought.

"*We* can't get to the Sky to fix the Moon, but surely an Angel can!"

"Jean," they whispered, "Jean! open those pretty eyes of yours, for, although you cannot walk, we shall let you fly like an Angel."

Jean did wake, and found she had on a beautiful dress, with Wings that made the Room bright and beautiful by their glistening.

"Oh!" she cried "You are those wonderful little Gum-nut Fairies I have read so much about."

"Yes," said Flossytop, "and because you really and truly believed in us, you shall fly with your Wings to the Moon."

Now Jean had read lots and lots about the Moon Land, and she loved the Queen, Diana, who dwelt there, and always wished that some day she would visit her. Flossytop and Gumblossom both kissed Jean, after telling her the way to go, and bidding her tell the Queen Diana of the Moon that Sailors were perishing at Sea because there was no Light to guide their Vessel over the Waves.

You have all seen lightning, little readers. Well, Jean had to fly into the bluish pathway of the lightning. Some people are afraid of lightning, but Jean found it wonderful. There were millions and millions of tiny Fairies, like Butterflies all dressed in a colour brighter than the Stars, and they danced in and out of the big black clouds. They were running away from the Thunder. The Thunder was the Giant of the Storms, and his followers were the great Black Clouds, that made the world dark and caused Ships to be wrecked. But the Fairies loved the Sunshine, the Moonlight, and all brightness, so they helped Jean to find her way through all those Dark Clouds to the edge of the World.

At last she got there, and a little Fairy named Rainbow, said: "This is the edge of the World, Jean, and I must leave you, for the Moon has different Fairies to us. Fear not, little Angel-Child, I shall meet you on the way back."

With that, Rainbow disappeared, and all was black as ink. Jean remembered Rainbow's words again, and made up her mind that the darkness wouldn't frighten her. Just then—wonder of wonders—a Star fell from somewhere. We have all seen Stars falling across the Sky, but we never find out where they fall to, or if they get hurt. Well, this little Star didn't get hurt, but out popped a tiny Imp, and smiling at Jean, he said:—

"Tinkle, Tinkle, my name's Twinkle,
Pray, who are you?"

So Jean told him the Moon had forgotten to shine away back in the World, and that Ships were being wrecked in the darkness, and she wanted to see Diana, the Queen of the Moon.

"I will take you, little Jean," said Twinkle, "you don't remember me, but I knew you before you were born. In fact, I am the Star that took you to your Mother and Father."

So they both got into the Star, which was as comfortable to sit in as a big soft Violet, and on the way to the Moon, Jean told Twinkle about her little Legs. Twinkle loved Jean straight away, and he began to feel very guilty, for he remembered that when he took Jean from Heaven to Earth, ten years ago, he had let the Star fall rather jerkily, and that was why her poor little Legs were never strong.

"Jean," said he, "I am to blame for your crippled legs," and he told her very shamefully of the way he delivered her to Earth when she was such a little mite.

"Never mind, Twinkle," said Jean, "I quite forgive you, for you are now taking me to the Dear Queen Diana of the Moon, and I shall never be able to thank you enough."

But Twinkle resolved that before Jean left the Sky again, he would make amends somehow.

Just then they heard beautiful singing, and Twinkle said it was a choir of Fairies, and they were nearing the Palace of the Moon. In another instant, Jean was standing on the marble steps before the most beautiful Queen she had ever dreamed of. Now, the Queen, Diana, loved children very dearly, and she asked Jean to come and sit on the throne beside her, and the Queen kissed her curly head, and asked her what she had visited the Moon for. So Jean told the beautiful Queen of Flossytop's and Gumblossom's message, and pleaded with her to send the light of the moon to the angry sea so that the sailors would not be drowned. And no sooner had she spoken, than everything seemed to move, and Jean knew the Moon was rising.

"Oh! I always knew you were kind and beautiful, Queen Diana," said Jean.

"And I know that you are always good and sweet, little Angel-child, and until you must go back to Earth, Twinkle will be your playmate."

"Come Jean! Let's swing on the Moon," and Twinkle led her by the hand to a swing made of flowers, and he gathered some and put them in her hair, and lifted her into the swing, and from there Jean could see all the clouds flying away, the sky becoming brighter, and Oh, a million little stars peeped out and winked their happy eyes at her, as she laughingly passed them. Then came the time to go, and she went to bid the Queen goodbye.

You are sweet, child!" the Queen said to Jean, "and I shall send you back to Earth by a rainbow. And you know, dear, the rainbow means Hope, and whatever it is you hope for most, if you ask the Fairy Rainbow, he will grant it!" The Queen kissed Jean goodbye, and Twinkle shook hands with her and said he was sorry to lose so lovely a playmate as Jean.

Then an instant of darkness, and the Fairy Rainbow appeared. This time he had a wonderful chariot made of flowers with him, and he drove Jean along a beautiful rainbow back to Earth, by four white mice, whose harness was made of hailstones. Just as they neared the Hospital window, the Fairy Rainbow asked Jean what she wished for most in the world, but, before she could answer, Flossytop and Gumblossom called out :—

" Give her good health, Rainbow,
For she has saved the sailors !"

And when the day dawned and Nurse came to wake her little patient, she said how bright and happy she looked. And Jean said, " Rainbows always make me feel happy !" And sure enough, through the window they could see a rainbow. The doctor heard Jean, and said, " Rainbows mean hope, Jean, and all our hopes will be fulfilled, for the operation has been a success, and you will soon be running and walking about like other children."

But Jean thought of Flossytop and Gumblossom, and Twinkle and Rainbow and the Queen, and she knew it wasn't only the doctor's skill which had saved her, it was also because she really and truly believed in Fairies.

—Lynette Yardley

THE NIGHT IN THE CHARIOT OF FLOWERS
PIXIE O'SHEA HARRIS

Fairy Garden

I know a fairy garden,
  Along a crooked way—
You reach it by the path of sleep,
  Or by the road of play.

There all the flowers are fairy flowers,
  Forever growing there.
There all the hours are winged hours,
  Not weighted by despair.

All children's toys become alive
  And folk of children's dreams;
For nothing is as it should be,
  But only as it seems.

—Eva Lawton

From "Songs of Fairyland."

"Fairy Garden"

The Land of Lollies

"No more Lollies, dear," said Andy's Grandma, taking away the Jar of Barley Sugar. Andy felt annoyed, and he made Grandma very sad by saying some horrid things about "people spoiling a feller's Birthday!" For it was Andy's Birthday, and he'd had the most beautiful time a little boy ever had, and now the day was over, he spoilt everything by being greedy. Perhaps he was just tired though, after all the excitement, for really he was a lovable little boy and most times good, and everybody loved him. I said he was good, but that is as good as little boys can be with pop-guns, catterpults, and little goblins always telling them to do naughty things!

Now I'm going to tell you about the Birthday. When he woke up that morning, Grandma was bending over him with a sweet smile on her dear little wrinkled face, as she said, "Wake up my little laddie, all the birds are chirping, and this is your very own Birthday!" And she kissed him and called him her little six-year-old-man. Andy was out of bed in a second for his eyes caught sight of a big brown paper parcel, and he was that excited he couldn't undo the string, but Grandma helped him, and there inside was the loveliest Book of Animal Stories, with the most beautiful Coloured Pictures he'd ever seen. On the front leaf was written, "To my Little Grandson, from Grandma." There was also a nice red Cricket Ball, and a bundle of handkerchiefs with pictures on them. Andy thanked his little Grandma and said he was the luckiest boy out, then his Grandma said she had just one more present for him, and she brought him a Picture in a golden-coloured frame. It was a picture of a Beautiful Lady with the lovliest smile and nice kind blue eyes that seemed to look right at him as though they loved him. In her arms was a bunch of Marguerites, but Andy thought she looked prettier than all the flowers. Now this Picture was a photograph of little Andy's Mother. He didn't remember her though, for when he was just learning to toddle both his Mother and Father died with fever, and so it was that our little friend lived with his Grandma.

"Tell me about my little Mother, again, please Grandma," said Andy, putting his cheek down on the Picture, for he liked it best of all his presents. Then Grandma told him all over again about his lovely Mother, and how fond of her little boy she was, and how she hoped and hoped that he would grow into a good, noble man. And how God took her home to Heaven one day, because she was too sick to ever nurse her little boy again, but Grandma guessed she was peeping

"Who are you?" said Andy

over the clouds somewhere, trying to see her wee laddie on his Birthday morning. Then Andy said he would always try to be so good, just in case his Angel Mother might see him. They then hung the Picture up just over Andy's little bed, for he thought he would like to see it first thing in the mornings and last thing at nights, to remind him to be good.

He had the loveliest Birthday! Grandma had made a wonderful Birthday Cake, round which were six coloured candles, and Andy's little friends came in to tea. They all brought him a present each, and he felt he had every possible thing he could wish for! He played games with the little girls and boys, and one little girl, who was older than the rest of them, read a story out aloud from Andy's new Book.

Then, just when everybody had gone home, Andy spoilt everything by trying to eat more than was good for him, and then being rude when his Grandma took away the lollies. Poor Grandma was hurt so much, for she had done her best to give Andy the very nicest Birthday, and now he scowled at her because she had taken away the Lollies and Raspberry Syrup, to save him from getting sick. He sulked and wouldn't eat the egg and bread and butter Grandma brought for him, and said he wanted the cream cakes that were left over from the party. So Grandma told him he was really a greedy boy and he was sent to bed. Just as he got into bed he looked up at his Mother's Picture, but he even frowned at that, and shaking his little head, said, "Why don't you stop Grandma from taking things from me on my Birthday, up there in Heben!"

And so he went to sleep. But, lo and behold! he hadn't been asleep long before he heard a little tinkle like a bell, and opening his eyes, he saw on the end of his Bed a little ugly old Man, no bigger than a large doll, and on his finger hung a tiny little Lantern. He was dressed in brown, and he had a funny little pointed beard.

"Who are you?" said Andy, rubbing his sleepy eyes.

"My name is Sugar-Loaf, and I come from the Land of Lollies!" said the queer little Man, in a funny voice that sounded like little chickens squeaking, Andy thought. Andy suddenly remembered how his Lollies were taken from him, and he said, "Must be nice there—can you eat as many as you want to?"

"He had a pair of Braces made of Liquorice Straps, and his Shoes were Bulls Eyes with the inside scooped out"

"There's nothing else to eat but lollies," Sugar-Loaf whispered, "and if you'd like, I'll take you there."

"Oh! will you? Very well, but don't wake Grandma, I'd love to go to the Land of Lollies!" Walking along in the dark, Andy could see by the light from the Lantern (which really wasn't any bigger than his Grandma's thimble) that the Goblin's funny suit was made of real Chocolate, and the Buttons on it were Honey Balls. He had a pair of Braces made of Liquorice Straps, and his Shoes were Bulls Eyes with the inside scooped out. It made Andy long for some Lollies to eat, and he wanted them so much that he didn't remember he was going right from Grandma and might never get back to her.

Then, all of a sudden, the light in the tiny Lantern went out and all was as black as ink. But the Goblin said, "Don't be frightened, silly child, we'll soon be there." Then it seemed to Andy that he was flying through space, and all of a sudden he hit something and found he'd come to a wonderful little Gateway. The Goblin had disappeared, but as everything was light and wonderful looking, Andy didn't mind. The Gate was about as big as the one in Grandma's Garden, but on touching it Andy found it was sticky. Then he discovered it was made of lovely Pink and White Toffee, whilst the bars and decorations were made of curly Barley Sugar. On the top of the Gate was written with coloured Lollies, "The Land of Lollies." Now, Andy felt quite hungry after coming such a long way, and he couldn't undo the Gate quickly enough. As it swung back, he heard a sweet little voice say:—

"Lollysticks, Lollysticks, everywhere,
But beware, greedy Boy, beware!"

For a minute he felt frightened and thought of Grandma, then he caught sight of the wonderful place he was in and forgot the warning voice. He was standing on a little Pathway, but instead of the Brown Stony Gravel we all know, this little Pathway was covered with Pink and White Hundreds and Thousands, just like Grandma had put on Andy's Cake. There were beautifully coloured Flower Beds everywhere, and Andy thought he'd never seen anything so pretty. But when he got close to the Flowers, he found they weren't real ones—they

were Lollies. More Lollies! He picked some Pansy Chocolates and ate them; then he had some great big Raspberry Roses. Just under the Rose Trees, he discovered what looked like a Bees Nest, and he was just going to run away in case he got stung, when a little voice said from somewhere:—

"I know this news is sure to please—
You'll find those are Currants instead of BEES!"

And sure enough, the Hive was made of a beautiful Honeycomb, and instead of those horrid Bees, by which Andy had once been stung, there were lovely Black Currants instead. Now, if there was any sweet Andy loved better than another, it was Honeycomb. So he sat down and ate and ate it till all his dear little face was sticky and so were his hands. But we all know how terriby thirsty Honeycomb makes us, and how little we must eat of it, because it is so very sweet, and would make us sick. Andy had forgotten all about Grandma's advice not to eat too many sweet things, though, and it wasn't till he had that last mouthful that he felt rather giddy in the head, and wished he hadn't eaten quite so much. "Oh, if only I could get a drink?" he thought, "a lovely drink of nice cool water." Just as though he had spoken his thoughts aloud, the same little voice that he had heard before, replied:—

"If you follow the path to the Right methinks,
You'll come to ever so many drinks."

Now the little voice had said to go to the Right, but Andy wasn't at all sure about his Right and his Left. Then suddenly he remembered that once he cut his Right Foot and that it had left a big scar, so he looked down at his tiny bare feet and told the way to go by the scar on his Right Foot, which really was very wise for a little boy to think of.

He followed the Pathway to the Right until he came to a great big beautiful Fountain, and Andy told himself that when he'd had a lovely drink of water he'd feel better, but alas! on making a cup of his two hands (as Grandma had told him never to put his mouth to the tap) and tasting the liquid, he found that instead of the water he wanted so much, it was Ginger Beer. Now, Andy loved Ginger Beer, and he thought it was the best drink anybody could have, but now he knew he was wrong. He hadn't had more than a tiny mouthful when he knew it was

just good plain water he wanted and nothing sweet, for he'd had so many sweet things in this wonderful Land of Lollies. How wrong he'd been in thinking he could live on Lollies, and how right Grandma was!

There were several other Lolly Fountains, and Andy went from one to another of them, hoping to find water, but each time he was disappointed. There were sweet drinks of every kind, but not one drop of water, and Andy's head began to ache so much, and he had rather a horrible feeling beneath his little blue jacket. "Oh!" he said, "I shall never say 'No' to Grandma for Bread and Butter again; But how shall I ever get back to her?"

Just then he had a terrible sick feeling, and the poor little lad fell on the ground in that wonderful yet terrible Land of nothing else but Lollies.

Then he opened his eyes and knew he was back in his little Bed, for there, smiling down at him, was the picture of his beautiful Mother. He knew then that it had all been a dream to teach him a lesson, and he wondered if his Mother up in Heaven had sent it to him.

Andy stood up in his Cot and took the Picture in his little hands. "Little Mother," he said, "I'm sorry I was naughty to Grandma last night. I'll go and ask her to forgive me, now that I know we couldn't live on Lollies and Sweets only. I'm sorry I was greedy, but I won't ever be again!"

—Lynette Yardley

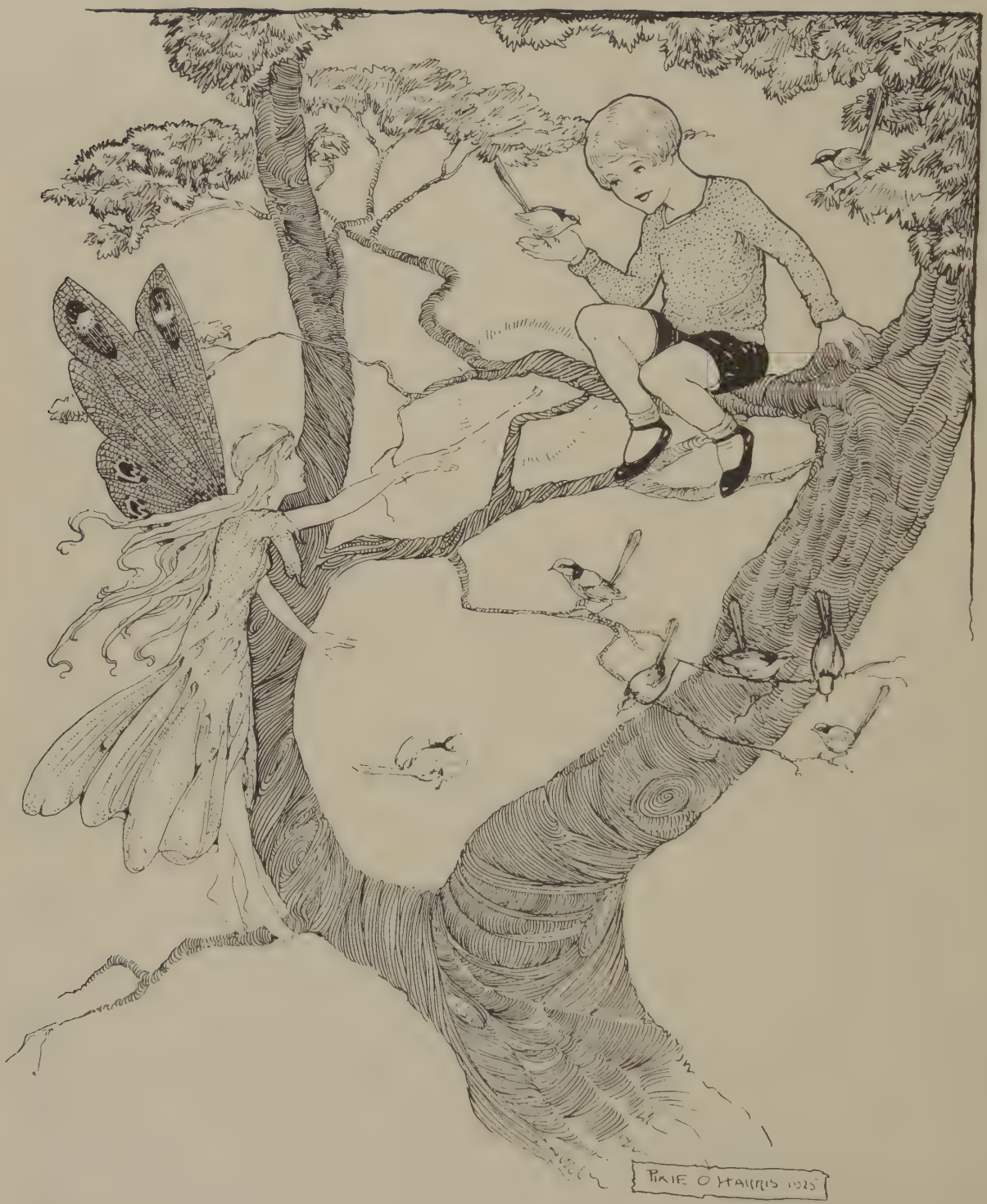
Bevin and the Wrens

He was rather a lonely little laddie, having no brothers or sisters, but he had a beautiful mother and she quite made up for them. Nevertheless, when Bevin heard the voices of children outside the garden wall, he'd climb up, and, if they were nice little people, his mother would invite them in to play with him.

One day Bevin was riding his bicycle full speed round the garden path, when, all of a sudden, he heard wild yells of delight, and a voice cried out "Hooray!" outside the garden wall. Bevin went to the gate, expecting to see some of his playmates, but instead, he found three boys who were a good deal older than himself—boys who ought to have known better! He liked big boys as a rule, because they always knew such a heap about things, but these boys, he could tell at a moment, were horrid, cruel bullies. They were murdering little innocent birds.

Now, Bevin's mother had taught him to love birds and butterflies and all little helpless things, and his grandfather had taught him the names of lots of the little birds that flew about the bush nearby, and sometimes they'd find wonderful nests and see the little baby birds all undressed with their little beaks wide open, squarking for woolly worms. And, sometimes, they'd see the mother bird sitting in the nest with her noisy family, and spy Mr. Bird sitting on one of the branches, twittering a song to all the other birds about his wonderful wife and family. And grandfather seemed to know just what they talked about, and he would explain to Bevin.

Well, one day, a Mr. and Mrs. Wren came to live in the bush just outside the garden wall. Mrs. Wren was just a little plain grey bird, but Mr. Wren was a beautifully tailored gentleman, with a blue vest the colour of the sky on a spring day. The two of them started to build a nest and Bevin would peep each day to see how their little straw home was growing. It grew so quickly too, and one day when he looked, Mrs. Wren was sitting there and wouldn't move, so Bevin guessed the eggs had arrived. And sure enough, a couple of mornings after, he had a glimpse of the ugliest little babies a mother ever had. And daddy bird was doing no end of work, bringing breakfast for five little open beaks. And wasn't he proud of that family! The fuss he made, one would have thought they were beautiful, and they were so ugly and bald that their parents couldn't even let them try to fly till they grew some feathers. But Bevin knew they would grow into little beauties



"He fell into the branches of a magnificent tree that must have been in Fairyland."

and sometimes he'd take a handful of wheat from the fowlhouse and put it near the home of the Wrens. Those little birds must have known Bevin loved them, for they weren't a least bit afraid of him—in fact, I think they took him to be a good, kind landlord.

So, you can imagine how disgusted he felt to see those three cruel boys. They all had catapults; one was up a tree, one was holding in his hand the little bird's home, which had been such a pride to them, and pulling it to pieces: whilst the other bully was poking at something on the ground with a stick, and Bevin guessed it must be the poor little Wren babies themselves.

He couldn't stand it another minute, and, although the boys were nearly twice his size, he rushed at the one with the stick, snatched it from him, and, breaking it in pieces, flung them angrily at him.

"You leave those birds alone—they're mine!"

"Aw! run home to your mummie, Sticky-beak!" said the boy with what was left of the nest. And with that, Bevin rushed at him, big as the bully was, snatched the broken little nest and threw it at his face. By this time, the one in the tree had clambered down, and, getting Bevin by the shoulders shook him horribly, whilst the little chap punched his small fists right and left and kicked and told them they ought to be ashamed. Poor Bevin! they didn't let him go till they'd given him a good thrashing and called him dreadful names, and, just as he was staggering giddily back to the garden gate, he tripped on an old stump and fell headlong.

Sitting up in bed that night, with a bandage round his little head, he told his mother he just remembers falling, and falling and falling, down, and down and down, and just when he thought he'd never stop, he fell into the branches of a magnificent tree that must have been in Fairyland away down beneath the Earth. It was the biggest tree he had ever seen, and when he opened his eyes and looked at it, the pain in his forehead seemed to go, and there in the branches were dozens and dozens of pretty blue birds.

"Oh mother!" Bevin said, "they were just wonderful! They flew quite close to me too! One perched on my shoulder, and when I put out my hands and arms, they flew on to them as though they loved me."

But this wasn't all of Bevin's adventure, for, all of a sudden, something wonderful happened. A Fairy dressed in a beautiful gown, the same colour as the blue birds themselves, appeared. Oh! she was the most beautiful little Fairy he'd ever

seen or read of in books. She wasn't very much bigger than the Bluebirds themselves, and her dress was long and seemed to be made out of soft Bluebell petals. On her shoulders was a most beautiful pair of wings, prettier than any butterfly ever wore, and her wavy golden hair made her look sweeter than anything Bevin had ever seen in all his life. He dried his tears which the pain in his forehead had caused, and the wonderful little fairy person hovered about him and, waving her little golden wand, said in the sweetest little voice imaginable :—

"Because you love the tiny birds,
I've come to say in these few words,
That ever and always down the years,
The Bluebird Fairies will dry your tears;
For the Bluebirds stand for Happiness,
And this their reward for your gentleness."

It was just then that Bevin's grandfather found him lying outside the garden gate, and carried him up to bed.

"Kindness to little helpless things is always rewarded by the Fairies," explained Bevin's mother, "Even as the goblins punish those who are cruel. Goodnight now, little man! Happy dreams!"

"I hope I dream of that little blue Fairy, mother!" said Bevin. "Wake me early in the morning please, for I want to bury the little Wrens under the rose tree. Goodnight, mother dear, I'll love the tiny birds as long as ever I live!"

—Lynette Yardley

The Children's Love

The lady little children love
  Is always glad and gay.
She always has a laughing face,
  And always time to play.
The lady little children love,
  Wherever she may go,
All little children follow her,
  Because they love her so.

The mother little children love,
  Her lap can always grow,
Her eyes are deep with sympathy,
  And little children know
That whatsoever they may do,
  It shall be all made right;
For mother love will make it so
  Before they sleep at night.

—Eva Lawton

From "Songs of Fairyland"

ISBN 0 7270 1601 6